Tuball, at our Sinagogue *Tuball*. *Exeunt.*

Enter Baſſanio, Portia, Gratiano, and all their traynes.

Portia. I pray you tarry, pauſe a day or two
Before you hazard, for in chooſing wrong
I looſe your companie; therefore forbeare a while,
Theres ſomething tells me (but it is not loue)
I would not looſe you, and you know your ſelfe,
Hate counſailes not in ſuch a quallity;
But leaſt you ſhould not vnderſtand me well,
And yet a mayden hath no tongue, but thought,
I would detaine you heere ſome moneth or two
before you venture for me. I could teach you
how to chooſe right, but then I am forſworne;
So will *I* neuer be, ſo may you miſſe me,
But if you doe, youle make me wiſh a ſinne,
That *I* had beene forſworne: Beſhrow your eyes,
They haue ore-lookt me and deuided me,
One halfe of me is yours, the other halfe yours,
Mine owne I would ſay: but if mine then yours,
And ſo all yours; ô theſe naughty times
puts barres betweene the owners and their rights,
And ſo though yours, not yours, (proue it ſo)
Let Fortune goe to hell for it, not I.
I ſpeake too long; but tis to peize the time,
To ech it, and to draw it out in length,
To ſtay you from election.

Baſſ. Let me chooſe,
For as *I* am, *I* liue vpon the racke.

Por. Vpon the racke *Baſſanio*, then confeſſe
vvhat treaſon there is mingled with your loue.

Baſſ. None but that vgly treaſon of miſtruſt,
vvhich makes me feare th'inioying of my Loue,
There may as well be amity and life
Tweene ſnow and fire, as treaſon and my loue.

Por. I but I feare you ſpeake vpon the racke
vvhere men enforced doeſpeake any thing.

Baſſ. Promiſe me life, and ile confeſſe the truth.

Portia. Well then, confeſſe and liue.

Baſſ. Confeſſe and loue
had beene the very ſum of my confeſſion:
O happy torment, when my torturer
doth teach me aunſweres for deliuerance:
But let me to my fortune and the caskets.

Portia. Away then, I am lockt in one of them,
If you doe loue me, you will finde me out.
Nerryſſa and the reſt, ſtand all aloofe,
Let muſique ſound while he doth make his choyſe,
Then if he looſe he makes a Swan-like end,
Fading in muſique. That the compariſon
may ſtand more proper, my eye ſhall be the ſtreame
and watry death-bed for him: he may win,
And what is muſique than? Than muſique is
euen as the flouriſh, when true ſubiects bowe
to a new crowned Monarch: Such it is,
As are thoſe dulcet ſounds in breake of day,
That creepe into the dreaming bride-groomes eare,
And ſummon him to marriage. Now he goes
vvith no leſſe preſence, but with much more loue
Then young Alcides, when he did redeeme
The virgine tribute, payed by howling Troy
To the Sea-monſter: I ſtand for ſacrifice,
The reſt aloofe are the Dardanian vviues:
With bleared viſages come forth to view
The iſſue of th'exploit: Goe Hercules,
Liue thou, I liue with much much more diſmay,
I view the fight, then thou that mak'ſt the fray.

A Song the whilſt Baſſanio comments on the caskets to himſelfe.

Tell me where is fancie bred,
Or in the hart, or in the head,
How begot, how nouriſhed? *Replie, replie.*